

ARNOTT.

August Steinko left for the woods, Tuesday.

Three Olney boys have enrolled at the district school.

Charles Iversen installed a telephone in the Penney office, Monday.

Henry N. Olson, wife and children, of Waupaca, have been visiting among old friends and neighbors the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Simonis, of Roshto, have been spending a few days the past week at the home of Peter Koltz.

The Modern Woodmen will give their Thanksgiving dance on Thursday evening, Nov. 26. Everybody invited to come and have a good time.

Mrs. Gilbert Newby and daughter Violet returned from Milwaukee, Saturday night, where they went to get special treatment for Miss Violet's eyes.

Walter Barnesdale will give one of his moving pictures shows in M. W. A. hall, Saturday evening. Come one and all, as Mr. Barnesdale will be sure to please you.

Albert Neuman went down to Oshkosh, Friday, to see his brother Charley, who was taken there some two weeks ago. Albert reports he did not find his brother improving as fast as he could wish.

Frank Benson arrived from Canada, Saturday morning, called here by the death of his son's wife. Many old friends were glad to shake hands with Frank again after six years' absence. He left for his home in Macoon again Tuesday.

For the third time in the last eight weeks the G. B. & W. road has made a change in agents, C. A. Russell of Stevens Point succeeding Merle Safford, the latter leaving for Green Bay Tuesday.

Mr. Safford has made numerous friends during his short stay here, all of whom will be sorry to see him leave.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Mrs. Ida Benson, which occurred at her home last Thursday morning at 5 o'clock. Mrs. Benson was sick only three days with the disease from which she died, and all that medical skill and loving hands could do proved of no avail. Her death was caused by catarrh eating into a vein in the nostrils, causing hemorrhage of the nose, from which she gradually grew weaker, finally passing away at the time above stated.

Ida Steinko was born in the town of Stockton, June 11, 1883, and was therefore in the 26th year of her age. She was married to Royal Benson, April 4, 1905, and was the mother of two children, Nile, a boy two years of age, and an infant daughter three weeks old. In the death of Mrs. Benson a good wife and neighbor has gone and the sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved husband and relatives. The funeral was held from the Neuman M. E. church at 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon, Rev. Carl Schmidt of the Stevens Point Lutheran church officiating, followed by interment in Oak Grove cemetery at Arnott. The pallbearers were Elmer Carley, Charley Breitenstein, Peter Koltz, Bert Skalkitzky, Edwin Ward and M. O'Keefe. The floral offerings were many and beautiful. Mr. Benson and Mrs. S. Steinko and family desire to express their grateful appreciation for the many kind words and deeds extended by neighbors and friends.

KNOWLTON.

Sadie La Du, of Mosinee, spent Thursday with Knowlton friends.

Alois Stark and son Joseph transacted business in Mosinee, Monday.

Mrs. H. Stark and son Charlie were among Stevens Point business people, Monday.

The Misses Rose and Louise Guenther, of Wausau, were over Sunday visitors with Knowlton relatives.

Delbert Wilson, of Stevens Point, a former Knowlton resident, enjoyed the hunting season about his old home here.

Miss Frances Squavloski left Monday noon for Stevens Point where she will remain some time with her sister, Mrs. E. Pagel.

Miss Evelyn Knoller, of Dancy, gave music lessons at Knowlton Saturday. Miss Evelyn exhibits quite a natural talent for music.

Miss Harriett Armstrong, of Grand Rapids, stenographer in the national bank in that city, enjoyed Sunday with Knowlton friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Bright and family are now pleasantly settled on the Alois Stark farm. We are glad to welcome this family to our vicinity.

Miss Alma Becker, our village school teacher, enjoyed the teachers' convention held in Milwaukee last week. Miss Becker reports a very agreeable and interesting session.

Mrs. F. A. Richmond and little Ione Gardiner, the latter of Oshkosh, arrived Thursday night. Mrs. Richmond spent several days there with her daughter, Mrs. A. Gardiner.

Our popular chairman, A. Guenther, is home from attending quite a long session of the county board, held at Wausau. While he did not contract

scarlet fever that has broken out there, he caught a severe cold.

A large crew of men and teams are logging the John Week Lumber Co. timber. The tract is about three miles from Knowlton, and was in the path of our great forest fires this fall, which necessitated logging it this season.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Guenther entertained the Guenther families, Saturday night, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Guenther, who returned Thursday from an extended wedding trip. Covers were laid for twenty guests and it proved a very enjoyable reunion.

MEEHAN.

Mrs. Clendenning visited in Stevens Point on Monday.

Clark Smith, of Strong's Prairie, is visiting friends here.

Several from here attended the stock fair at Grand Rapids last week.

Ten above zero Monday night. A sure sign that winter is not far off.

Perry Slack and L. T. Fox are in the vicinity of Mercer on a hunting trip.

Walter Clusman has gone to Sauk Rapids, Minn., to work in a paper mill for the winter.

Robert, Harry and Wallace Slack, George and Lonnie Warner have gone to the pines to work during the winter.

A. E. Pike and daughter, who had been visiting here for a couple of weeks, returned home to Adams county, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lutz mourn the loss of an infant son. Their many friends sympathize with them in their affliction.

Fred Fox and wife visited with the former's sister, Mrs. Geo. Roe, at Saratoga, Wood county, last Wednesday and Thursday.

AMHERST.

T. T. Loberg transacted business in Stevens Point, Monday.

Art. Wilmot has a crew of Indians clearing land for him.

Joe Stadtmuller, of Lanark, has moved his family to Colby.

August Price transacted business in Waupaca last Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fletcher, of Buena Vista, did shopping here Friday.

Mrs. A. Anderson, of Manitowoc, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Foxen.

The Misses Belya Foxen and Olga Morat spent Sunday with their friend, Miss Mayme Een, at Lime Lake.

The wages for laborers at the coaling station was reduced from \$1.80 to \$1.40 per day. Verily, prosperity has returned.

Mrs. Kadelia Foster, who has been housekeeper at J. Carlton's for about three years, returned to her home in Berlin, Vermont, last Friday.

Amherst deer hunters returned from the happy hunting grounds last Monday. W. Peterson got two, August Milbreit two, Chas. Burts one and May Aldrich one.

The Misses Frankie and Mary Alice Seamans, who spent the summer at the home of their aunt, Mrs. J. J. Nelson, returned to their home in Rea, Mo., last Thursday. The young ladies were the recipients of many social attentions while here, a farewell party being given in their honor one evening last week. A return visit is looked for at no great distant date.

Grand Rapids the Victors.

The High school was defeated by the Grand Rapids High at the fair grounds, last Saturday, by a score of 12 to 4. Grand Rapids has won the championship of the valley by its victories over Wausau and Stevens Point. The game Saturday was fast and snappy. Woodworth secured the points for the locals immediately after the start of the game by a difficult dropkick from the 40 yard line. Smith and Earley were responsible for most of the gains made by the Grand Rapids team. The lineup follows:

Stevens Point—	Grand Rapids—
Love.....re.....	Smith
Weltman.....rt.....	Berg
Harriman.....rg.....	Bender
Dobeck.....c.....	Natwick
Grant.....lg.....	Wasser
Pierce.....lt.....	Arvin
Edwards.....le.....	Arpin
Griffin.....qb.....	Earley
Ondracek.....rh.....	Brown
Bigelow.....lh.....	Wood
Woodworth.....fb.....	Smith
Henry Curran, umpire; C. W. Otto, referee.	

Prominent Polish Farmer Dead.

The death of Bernard Krusicki, a prominent Polish farmer of the town of Stockton, whose home was east of Custer, came very suddenly last Wednesday. He had not been in robust health for the past few years, the result of an attack of pneumonia, but had been about and able to attend his farm duties, even up to the day of his demise. That day he drove to Custer to get a load of coal, and on his return was taken with a severe coughing spell, followed by a hemorrhage, due to the bursting of a blood vessel, and passed away in about 20 minutes, before medical assistance could be secured. Mr. Krusicki was a prosperous farmer, about 35 years of age, and is survived by a large family. The funeral was held from the Catholic church at Polonia, last Friday morning, Rev. T. Malkowski officiating, with interment in the adjoining cemetery, and was one of the largest seen there in a long time.

Fish Stories.

Poets say when mortal bones  
Back the realm of Davy Jones  
They shall suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange.  
They shall turn to coral rare,  
Pearl and amber past compare.  
And, reposing in the tide,  
Be extremely glorified.

Also beautiful and grand  
Grow the fish that die on land.  
Are they short? They shall be long.  
Are they weak? They shall be strong.  
Are they light? They shall be pounds.  
If obscure, their fame resounds.  
So they suffer a land change  
Into something new and strange.  
—New York Sun.

Most Men Would Want \$1000.

"What are your thoughts," asked one of the visitors at the summer garden, "when you are whirling through the air in making that awful dive to the tank below?"

"I always think I ought to be getting about \$750 a week for doing it," replied the high diver.—Chicago Tribune.

Junk Dealing a Great Industry.

But few of the thousands of people who see an "old iron" man poking through a heap of rubbish realize that the junk business in this country has grown to stupendous proportions. In Philadelphia last year over \$25,000,000 changed hands in dealing in old metal, ranging from the trivial sums paid to the men who search the alleys for small discarded articles to the many thousands of dollars paid for machinery from dismantled factories.

The Pennsylvania railroad alone disposes of from 10,000 to 20,000 tons of waste material a month to Philadelphia dealers. This is chiefly worn-out rolling stock and rails. The company which controls the street railways of that city disposes of almost an equal amount, and hundreds of other industrial concerns add their quota. Popular Mechanics

Inconsistent.

The East Asiatic Lloyd of Shanghai publishes a string of verses by one Richard Neumann, the burden of which could be expressed in the words, "Do not marry." In the next column Richard Neumann's name appears in an advertisement stating that the poet is willing to serve as witness at marriages at the following prices:

"In 5 o'clock dress, 2 tael.

"Cutaway coat and light trousers, 3 tael.

"Clawhammer coat, high hat, etc., 4 tael.

"Wearing all his decorations, 5 tael.

"Pay must be in advance, and witness must be invited to the meal following the ceremony."

The Suffocated Duck.

"There's one thing I'm glad of," said a chef. "Caneton rouennais is dying out."

"Is it a disease?"

"No; it's a duck. It's the duck of Rouen, a famous duck which you kill by suffocation. When you order Caneton rouennais at a fashionable restaurant you may be sure that it is not suffocated for you as cruelly as though you had been Nero."

"But every now and then, after eating Caneton rouennais, people take sick and die. Foreign physicians, studying the matter, show us that the blood of a suffocated duck is apt to turn violently poisonous that you may be eating Caneton rouennais or you may be taking the equivalent of a deadly dose of prussic acid."

"Yes, the Caneton rouennais of late has avenged itself on so many of its torturers that I don't think it will be long now before the suffocation of ducks will cease."—Exchange.

He Required Time.

Just before Mark Twain's daughter, Miss Clara Clemens, sailed for Europe she attended a reception, at which she met one of the friends of her Hartford childhood who had been a very small boy, but had grown to be an unusually tall man. Thinking that Mark might not remember the friend, she said to her father:

"You remember Tom Jones, father?"

"I remember part of him," replied Mark, peering up at Jones. "but it seems to me it would take a week to remember all of him."—Harper's Weekly.

ABOUT ADVERTISING—NO. 3

# How to Write Retail Advertising Copy

By Herbert Kaufman.

A skilled layer of mosaics works with small fragments of stone—they fit into more places than the larger chunks.

The skilled advertiser works with small words—they fit into more minds than big phrases.

The simpler the language the greater certainty that it will be understood by the least intelligent reader.

The construction engineer plans his road-bed where there is a minimum of grade—he works along the lines of least resistance.

The advertisement which runs into mountainous style is badly surveyed—all minds are not built for high level thinking.

Advertising must be simple. When it is tricked out with the jewelry and silks of literary expression it looks as much out of place as a ball dress at the breakfast table.

The buying public is only interested in facts. People read advertisements to find out what you have to sell.

The advertiser who can fire the most facts in the shortest time gets the most returns. Blank cartridges make noise but they do not hit—blank talk, however clever, is only wasted space.

You force your salesmen to keep to solid facts—you don't allow them to sell muslin with quotations from Omar or trousers with excerpts from Marie Corelli. You must not tolerate in your printed selling talk anything that you are not willing to countenance in personal salesmanship.

Cut out clever phrases if they are inserted to the sacrifice of clear explanations—write copy as you talk. Only be more brief. Publicity is costlier than conversation—ranging in price downward from \$6.00 a line, talk is not cheap but the most expensive commodity in the world.

Sketch in your ad to the stenographer. Then you will be so busy "saying it" that you will not have time to bother about the gewgaws of writing. Afterwards take the type-written manuscript and cut out every word and every line that can be erased without omitting an important detail. What remains in the end is all that really counted in the beginning.

Cultivate brevity and simplicity. "Savon Francais" may look smarter, but more people will understand "French Soap." Sir Isaac Newton's explanation of gravitation covers six pages, but the schoolboy's terse and homely "What goes up must come down" clinches the whole thing in six words.

(Copyright, 1908, by Tribune Company, Chicago.)

# Dr. PRICE'S

## CREAM Baking Powder

A grape cream of tartar powder. Makes pure, healthful, delicious food. No alum, no lime phosphate.

There is an infallible test by which every housewife may detect the unhealthy alum baking powders—

### The label will tell

Study the label. If it does not say cream of tartar the baking powder is made from alum and must be avoided.

Wm. H. Taft's plurality in Wisconsin is 81,798, and that of Gov. Davidson, 87,128. While Taft had 5,042 more votes than Davidson, Bryan had 10,372 more votes than Aylward.

were many of us who changed our minds after the votes were counted a couple of weeks ago, but now we have other interests to look after—the industrial and commercial interests of our city, county, state and nation, and all should act in unity.

### Will Spend Millions.

You all know how it happened in the recent election, and if you do not, drop the subject. It is now too late to discuss politics, whether you won or lost. There is something more important just now. Whether you are a Democrat or a Republican, a Prohibitionist or a Socialist, let the past be forgotten for the present, for the next two years or at least one year and a half, and all join hands as American citizens for the betterment of the entire country. If the side you believed in, advocated and worked for, came out second best in the race, "take your medicine" gracefully; on the other hand if your's was the victorious side, do not imagine you are the "whole thing" or overlook the fact that all things change, even the change. You will remember that there

The Wisconsin Central company is evidently desirous of having the best rolling stock and equipment of all kinds that money will buy, and the fact that they have closed contracts for \$20,000,000 worth, has just been made public. The purchase includes 2,650 cars divided as follows: One thousand box cars, 36 feet long, 60,000 pounds capacity; 500 box cars, 40 feet long, 80,000 pounds capacity; 250 flat cars, 40 feet long, 80,000 pounds capacity; 100 refrigerator cars, 38 feet 8 inches long, capacity 60,000 pounds; 50 stock cars, capacity 60,000 pounds; 500 flat cars, 40 feet long, 80,000 pounds capacity, and 50 cabooses.

# Seasonable Specials!

Sealskipt Blue Points  
Waukesha Cream Cheese  
Jones' Dairy Farm Sausages

## H. D. McCulloch Company

Telephone 47.

# FREE

## At Sellers' Bargain Corner

With each lot 50 feet by 125 feet, purchased at \$300 cash, I will give absolutely free and clear of all incumbrance the following desirable property:

- FREE With first lot sold, Rambler Automobile in running order.
- FREE With Second Lot Sold, Forty Acres Good Farm Land.
- FREE With Third Lot Sold, Four-room House. New porch, newly painted, with woodshed, new barn and lot 50 x 176 1/2 feet, and alley. Illinois avenue, City.
- FREE With Fourth to Tenth Lots Sold, Forty Acres Choice Farm Land near Rhinelander with each lot.
- FREE With First Block of 5 Lots Sold, \$225.00 equity in \$3,000.00 brand new hardware stock.
- FREE With First \$100 Lot Sold, Eight-year-old Black Horse, weight 1,400 lbs., Harness and Wagon.
- \$10.00 Down and \$1.00 per week secures a Comfortable Home in the City. Farm Lands or City Lots.
- I GUARANTEE Cash Purchasers of Price County Lands their money back with 6 per cent interest at one, two or three years' time, if not entirely satisfied with their bargains.

Call and see me.

E. W. SELLERS

STEVENS POINT, WIS.

Corner Main St. and Strong's Ave.

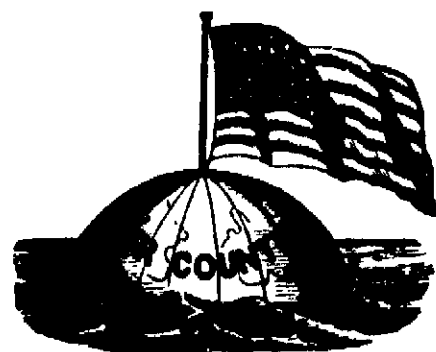
# Destroys Hair Germs

Recent discoveries have shown that falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair. Therefore, to stop falling hair, you must first completely destroy these germs. Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will certainly do this. Then leave the rest to nature.

## Ayer's

Recent discoveries have also proved that dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp. Therefore, to cure dandruff, the first thing to do is to completely destroy these dandruff germs. Here, the same Ayer's Hair Vigor will give the same splendid results.





STEVENS POINT, WIS., NOVEMBER 18, 1908.

## NEWS NOTES FOR THE BUSY MAN

Most Important Happenings of the World  
Told in Brief.

### PERSONAL.

Secretary of the Navy Victor H. Metcalf tendered his resignation to the president to take effect December 1 on account of ill health. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Truman H. Newberry will be named as Mr. Metcalf's successor.

William Arnold Shanklin, president of Upper Iowa university, Fayette, Ia., was elected president of Wesleyan university, Middletown, Conn.

Dean Thomas Frederick Crane of the Cornell university faculty, who has been connected with the university for 41 years, has resigned.

Gov. Hughes filed his certificate of election expenses with the secretary of state of New York, giving his total expenditures as \$369.65.

Prof. Richard MacLaurin, head of the physics department of Columbia university, was appointed president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Emperor William was severely censured by leaders of all parties during the debate in the reichstag on the interpellations concerning the conversations published with the permission of the emperor in the London Daily Telegraph.

Emperor William conferred on Count Zeppelin the Prussian order of the Black Eagle.

President Castro of Venezuela has been advised by his physicians to go to Europe for medical treatment for the malady from which he has been suffering recently.

Lord Sholto Douglas, brother to the present marquis of Queensbury, is held in the provincial jail at Nelson, B. C., for shooting a man named Rowland, probably fatally.

King Edward spent his sixty-seventh birthday at Sandringham.

### GENERAL NEWS.

Francis J. Heney, a leading figure in the prosecution of municipal corruption in San Francisco, was shot and seriously injured Friday by Morris Haas, a saloon-keeper, who had been accepted as a juror in a previous trial and afterwards removed, it having been shown by the prosecution that he was an ex-convict.

Evidence was introduced by the prosecution in the Lamphere trial at Laporte, Ind., tending to prove that bodies found in the ruins of the Gunness farmhouse were those of Mrs. Gunness and her three children, of whose murder Ray Lamphere is accused.

It was reported in Peking that the emperor of China was dead and the dowager empress dying. Two imperial edicts were issued in quick succession. The first makes Prince Chun regent of the empire and the second appoints his son, Pu Wei, heir presumptive.

In a boiler explosion at the Miller Lumber Company's plant at Pound, near Pound Gap, Ky., four men were killed and four more severely injured.

Three men were killed outright, two were fatally injured and two others were seriously hurt in an explosion at a sawmill plant in Wise county, Virginia.

The new divorce law, increasing the period of residence from six months to one year was carried on November 3 in South Dakota by a vote of two to one.

Francisco L. de la Barra, at present Mexican minister to the Netherlands, has been appointed to succeed Enrique C. Creel as Mexican ambassador at Washington.

University of Michigan alumni in New York have subscribed funds for the erection of a \$300,000 dormitory with an immense "commons" or eating room in Ann Arbor.

The appointment of Col. George H. Torney as surgeon general of the army to succeed Surg. Gen. R. M. O'Reilly was announced by the secretary of war.

Fire in the business district of Benton Harbor, Mich., destroyed property valued at \$125,000.

An unsuccessful attempt was made by a band of 25 Russians to rob a railroad train that was carrying \$12,500,000 to St. Petersburg.

Ex-Senator Carmack of Tennessee, who was killed in a street duel in Nashville by Robin Cooper, was buried at Columbia, large delegations from all over the state being present.

Nine men were killed in a collision of two Union Pacific freight trains at Borie, Wyo.

Four children perished in a fire that destroyed the country home of John Wampfler near Alliance, O.

George S. Terry of New York has been appointed assistant treasurer of the United States to succeed Hamilton Fish.

Prof. Mark W. Harrington, former chief of the United States weather bureau, who mysteriously dropped out of sight nearly ten years ago, has been found, a hopeless mental wreck, in the New Jersey Asylum for the Insane at Morris Plains.

Three hundred and thirty-nine men were killed in the Radbod mine near Hamm, Westphalia, by an explosion and resulting fire. Thirty-five were taken out badly injured.

A motor boat containing ten Chinamen and three white men was wrecked on the breakwall at Buffalo, N. Y., and six of the Orientals, who were being smuggled from Canada, lost their lives.

The Register and Leader of Des Moines, Ia., has bought the Daily Tribune, an afternoon Democratic daily.

The Illinois state board of equalization fixed the total assessed valuation of property in the state at \$1,263,415,156, against \$1,251,974,306 in 1907.

Mrs. Mary Wheeler Somerby of Newburyport, Mass., an aged widow, was declared to be the sole heir to an estate valued at \$100,000 by an order filed in the chancery court at Trenton, N. J.

Clarence Agnew, colored, was given a life sentence for causing a fatal wreck on the Southern railway near Duncan, S. C.

President Roosevelt Thursday received at the White House about 500 farmers and their wives, who were attending the convention of the National Grange, Patrons of Husbandry.

The jury in the Lamphere murder case at Laporte, Ind., was completed, the state's attorney made his opening statement and the introducing of evidence was begun.

A cold blooded plot by a daughter to murder her mother for her money was exposed in the arrest of Miss Mae L. Otis of Chicago. The woman had arranged to have her mother beaten to death, but unwittingly hired detectives to do the deed.

Judge Taylor of the federal court at Cleveland, O., appointed Warren Hicknell and Frank A. Scott as joint receivers for the Municipal Traction Company and the Cleveland Railway Company.

Albert Berger, a former Alaska miner, just before committing suicide at Canyon Ferry, Mont., threw \$2,000 in post-office money orders payable to himself, in the stove.

One man was killed and 35 injured by an explosion in the Excelsior Springs Powder factory at Dodson, Mo.

Postmaster General Meyer announced that the postal deficit for the fiscal year ended June 30 amounted to \$16,910,279, the largest in the history of the post-office department.

Mrs. A. W. Bonds of Memphis, Tenn., killed S. P. Craig because he insulted and annoyed her.

Manila's new water system has been completed at a cost of \$2,000,000.

Dr. B. F. Bechtold, aged 63 years, Kulpville, Pa., a patient in a private hospital in Philadelphia, was burned to death.

Eleven persons were killed and many injured when a Great Northern express crashed into the rear of a New Orleans & Northeastern local at Little Woods station, a fishing and hunting camp on Lake Ponchartrain 12 miles from New Orleans.

C. E. Sweet of Dowagiac, Mich., defeated candidate for prosecuting attorney, sued T. J. Bresnahan, his successful opponent, for \$10,000 damages for libel and slander.

The names of 20 Nebraska newspaper men holding Western Union Telegraph Company franchises were certified to the attorney general by the state railway commission for prosecution under the anti-discrimination clause of the commission act. Among the defendants is Victor Rosewater, chief of the publicity committee of the Republican national committee.

A bill providing for universal suffrage in Hungary was presented to the chamber of deputies by Count Andrássy, minister of the interior.

Rev. French E. Oliver, a revivalist, has issued an open letter to William J. Bryan urging the Nebraskan to become an evangelist and predicting that he would become an equal of the apostle Paul.

Republican members of the Bulgarian national assembly and even several members of the government majority made a most sensational attack on Emperor Ferdinand during the debate on the address in reply to the royal message.

Edward Rostwick, 68 years old, and a former state senator of Michigan, committed suicide in Syracuse, N. Y., by strangling himself with a silk scarf.

An average yield of 26.2 bushels of corn per acre and an increased total production of 2,642,587,000 bushels of corn are preliminary estimates announced in the report of the department of agriculture.

William Oswald, president of the Telegram Publishing Company of Lawrence, Mass., committed suicide.

## FAMOUS TIBETAN EXPLORER



Dr. Sven Hedin's second journey of exploration in Tibet is likely to prove of the greatest value. So much material has the doctor collected, indeed, that he has stated it will be three or four years before he has worked up all the information gained regarding tracts hitherto unknown to the western world. During a considerable part of his journey the explorer went disguised as a common Ladakhi, his hands and face darkened with paint. When strangers were met he drove the baggage animals and sheep, as the inferior servant of the apparent head of the caravan, and was known as "Haji Baba." On several occasions the real business of the party was suspected by the Tibetans, and the doctor had several narrow escapes.

## HUNTERS ON WHEELS

### SHOOTING QUAIL FROM CAR IS THE LATEST.

Sportsmen, Making Tour of Old Mexico in Automobile, Start Up Wonderful Coveys of Fat Birds "Thick as Bees."

Los Angeles, Cal.—"Quail—honest Injun, they're as thick as bees in a hive!" exclaimed ex-Mayor M. P. Snyder, telling of his latest hunting trip in Old Mexico.

"There were three of us, in Mr. De Camp's De Lux auto—C. E. De Camp, A. A. Bird and myself. Once you go hunting fat, juicy quail in a 60-horsepower auto all other ways seem tame, flat and unprofitable.

"We whizzed down to Tia Juana, expecting to be gone one day. We were reported missing by the police one week and were sorry then that the time was so short.

"In old Mexico, you know, there is no open ground. You must have a permit to shoot, from the owner. Happily we had an introduction to Garcia, who has an 18,000-acre rancho near Ensenada. He fixed it for us, obligingly.

"At the customs house we had to put up a stiff bond for the guns and automobile, and 1½ cents for each shell. A pretty penny, yes, but the trip was worth it. The roads were fairly good. Then came the rain. I thought the end of the world had come. Rain? It poured down in bucketfuls, I believe.

"Big game? There is none. But one fellow reported five deer the week before. We were after quail and they are there by the thousands. You could all but knock them over with a stout stick. The whirr of their wings made music all week. I never saw so many fat quail in all my life and never expect to again.

"On our return we could pass through the custom house only 25 birds apiece.

"For two days and two nights, none of us even so much as washed our faces. You know what a ranch house is in Old Mexico? The whole family uses it and the best we could do, as guests, was to be put in a small shanty house, in the rear. There were no beds, no bedding and no fire. We wrapped the drapery of the automobile robes about us and fell into the peaceful slumber that visits those whose consciences are without an of-fending word.

"We nearly froze to death o' nights. It was cold enough to grow icicles in

that little rear house, but we were shooting so many quail that we had to sit up half the night telling of our big work with the guns. Our talk kept us warm.

"Tire troubles? Well, yes; one 'busted,' and it kept us busy for a long time, changing to a new one. Then, we lost all the screws out of our universal joint, which set us back two long, lonesome hours, filled with gray thoughts and an occasional cuss word in frontier Spanish.

"It was, of course, rough on us to sleep in auto robes, shoes and overcoats. We apologized for it to Garcia every morning. I think he noticed that we were not washing our faces. We felt guilty, but had a bully good time; and think Old Mexico is the only place for an auto hunting trip, after fat juicy quail. Say, once again, the quail are, honest Injun, as thick as bees in a hive. It makes my mouth water to think of it."

### GETS \$5,000 JOB BY ACCIDENT.

Reporter, Nominated to Fill Reform Ticket Vacancy, Wins.

Philadelphia.—Given three weeks' leave of absence from his paper that he might act during the campaign as secretary of a "Philadelphia party," a reform movement in opposition to the Republican city organization, Frank J. Gorman, 24 years old, a reporter, was nominated at the last minute for county commissioner to fill up the ticket. The completion of the county showed that Gorman had slipped into a job that will pay him \$5,000 a year for the next three years.

About all a county commissioner in Pennsylvania has to do is to see that the election ballots are printed correctly and have general supervision over the election officers. Three are elected in each county every three years—two by the majority party the third place going to the minority candidate who polls the larger vote of the two nominated by his party. It was in this way that young Gorman got in.

Gorman was graduated from the high school only three years ago, and has been a reporter ever since. He was married in August. He will be the youngest man ever chosen county commissioner.

### An Everlasting Trait.

Woman may some time win the right to vote, but she will never cease to hide things under the bed tick.

### GOOD BOY FINDS GOLD.

Preferred Industry to Circus, and Discovered a Mine.

Charlotte, N. C.—Choosing rather to pick cotton at 50 cents a hundred pounds than to enjoy the pleasures of a circus for a season, Master Gilbert Teeter, 11 years of age, who lives near Matthews, in Mecklenburg county, found a gold mine in the cotton patch.

"Gilbert," said his father, the day before the circus came to Charlotte, "you can go to the circus in Charlotte to-morrow, if you want to, or you can stay home and pick cotton at 50 cents a hundred."

"If I were you I would go and see the circus," said his mother.

"But this pretty cotton weather will not last long, mother," said Gilbert, "and Daddy wants to get it all in as quick as he can."

So while the big tent went up and the lion roared and the elephants paraded and the camels humped themselves and the callopo sang its smoky song and the clown acted the fool and the red-legged lady on the white horse jumped through the burning hoop, and while all the rest of the Mecklenburg children watched the three rings with wide-open eyes, Gilbert Teeter, future captain of industry, stayed cheerfully at home and picked cotton. As he pushed the fluffy staple into his tow-sack he spied a shiny something where the people had been digging out rock to make a macadam road.

"I'll show these to Daddy," said Gilbert Teeter, as he picked up two shiny lumps. He put them in his pocket along with three six-penny shingle nails, a slate pencil, a few agate marbles and other country boy impediments.

"By George, that's gold!" said old man Teeter as Gilbert unloaded his yellow nuggets that night. A Charlotte jeweler said so, too, and paid Gilbert \$20.70 for the nuggets. Besides, he had made 53 cents picking 106 pounds of cotton, and now he has \$21.23 deposited in a Charlotte bank.

### CIGAR HELPED WIN BATTLE.

Gen. U. S. Grant's Son Gives an Incident of Fort Donelson.

Detroit, Mich.—Maj. Gen. Fred D. Grant, who is presiding at the court-martial now in session at Fort Wayne, in the western suburbs of the city, is said to have the stub of the cigar that helped his father, U. S. Grant, in winning the battle of Fort Donelson. Speaking of this incident Gen. Grant said:

"My father was in conference with Admiral Foote on the latter's flagship and had just accepted a cigar from the admiral when word came to him that the left flank of his force was being repulsed. Hurrying ashore and galloping on a fleet horse to the battlefield he succeeded in rallying his forces so completely that chaos was turned into victory. Gen. Buckner had to comply with my father's demand for an unconditional surrender.

"The newspapers took up the fact that father had rushed from the warship to the battlefield without taking Admiral Foote's cigar from his mouth. The dispatches from the front told how father had come onto the battlefield cool and collected and peacefully smoking a long, black cigar."

### SOLVES TRAMP PROBLEM.

Jail Clears Vagrant Gentry from Woodbury.

Woodbury, N. J.—Woodbury will endeavor to settle the tramp question this winter and every one arrested from now on will be sentenced to jail for 90 days by Mayor Ladd. They will be turned over to the water and sewer department chiefs, with instructions to work them hard all day, without pay, and at night returned to jail in charge of Sheriff Wilson.

The first to receive such a sentence was a big umbrella mender. He smiled when the mayor said 90 days, as it meant snug quarters for that length of time, but when the working part was added the situation was different. Another hobo named Carney, who just finished a sentence, applied to the sheriff for another night's lodging, but when he heard what would follow Woodbury did not hold him long. There is a camp, or has been up to the other morning on the outskirts of the city for about a dozen men, who have been an annoyance to people. The men "skiddooed," and not one has been seen since.

### Has to Race for His Bride.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Taunted for his age by his prospective father-in-law, William A. Klein, who is 40, has challenged the farmer, who is of the same age, to race for the hand of Marie, the daughter, 18. They agreed to run a race of 200 yards. If Klein wins he wins Marie for his wife. If he loses the race he must not visit her again. Marie, who rides a bicycle, is going to train Klein and set a pace for him.

## MURDERS FOUR MEN

BLOODY WORK BY A NEGRO IN OKMULGEE, OKLA.

### HE IS THEN SLAIN BY MOB

Sheriff and Police Official Among His Victims—Quiet Restored When Governor Prepares to Send Troops.

Okmulgee, Okla.—Five persons were killed and ten others wounded Sunday afternoon in a fight between Jim Deckard, a negro desperado, and law officers.

The dead: Edgar Robinson, sheriff of Okmulgee county; Henry Klaber, assistant chief of police of Okmulgee; two negroes named Chapman, brothers; Jim Deckard, negro.

The disturbances began at the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad station where Jim Deckard engaged in a fight with an Indian boy, Steve Grayson, and beat him into insensibility with a rock. Friends of Grayson notified the police and when Policeman Klaber went to the station Deckard fled to his house nearby, barricaded himself in and when Klaber approached Deckard shot and instantly killed him.

Sheriff Robinson gathered a posse in a few minutes and hurried to the scene. Part of this posse was made up of a group of negroes, whom the sheriff commissioned as deputies. As the posse approached the house Deckard opened fire with a rifle, firing as rapidly as he could load his weapon. The sheriff fell first, instantly killed. Then two of the negro deputies were slain.

Deckard's house was soon surrounded by a frenzied mob of armed men. Fire was set to a house just north of Deckard's. Volleys were poured into Deckard's house and he was shot down. He was seen to roll over on the floor, strike a match and set fire to his own house, which was soon a roaring furnace in which his body was baked.

Gov. Haskell at Guthrie was notified of the battle and of the bad feeling between whites and negroes that had grown out of it and threatened a race riot. The governor at once ordered the militia company at Muskogee to prepare to go to Okmulgee and a special train was made ready to carry the troops, the governor, remaining at his office to keep in touch with the situation. News of the preparation to send militia here had a good effect on the disorderly element of both races, and at seven o'clock Sunday night the crowd had dispersed and further trouble was not expected.

### HAAS KILLS HIMSELF IN JAIL.

Man Who Shot Francis J. Heney Commits Suicide.

San Francisco.—Morris Haas, who shot Francis J. Heney, shot and killed himself in his cell in the county jail Saturday night.

Haas was in his cell at the county jail with his guard. He retired to bed early, pulling the blanket over his head. A moment afterward the guard was surprised to hear a muffled report of the pistol under the blankets.

They stripped off the covering and found Haas dying with a bullet hole through his head and blood flowing from the wound.

Investigation showed that Haas had cunningly hidden a small, one-shot derring in the back of his shoe, where it escaped the notice of his guards.

### DOWAGER EMPRESS IS DEAD.

Prince Pu-Yi Is Placed on the Throne of China.

Peking.—Tsze Hsi An, the dowager empress of China, the autocratic head of the government, which she had directed without successful interference since 1861, and without protest since 1881, died at two o'clock Sunday afternoon.

The announcement of the dowager empress' death was official and followed closely upon the announcement that Kuang-Hsu, the emperor, had died Saturday at five o'clock in the afternoon.

An edict issued at eight o'clock Sunday morning placed upon the throne Prince Pu-Yi, the three-year-old son of Prince Chun, the regent of the empire.

### Special Session for Tariff.

Washington.—That a special session of the Sixty-first congress will be called soon after the fourth of March to take up the matter of tariff revision became known positively Sunday, when William H. Taft, president-elect, after spending a day at the White House as a guest of President Roosevelt, stated that he intended to call a special session to meet as soon after his inauguration as would be reasonable. Judge Taft left at 7 o'clock Sunday night for Cincinnati where he had been summoned on matters of family importance.





"Perhaps You'd Like to Hire the Whole Shebang?" Says I, Sarcastic.



# Mr. Pratt.

By Joseph C. Lincoln

AUTHOR OF "CAPT. ERI" "PARTNERS OF THE TIDE"

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. MELVILL

## CHAPTER I. The Masters.

I heard about the pair first from Emeline Eldredge, "Emmie T." we always call her. She was first mate to the cook at the Old Summer Home house that summer. She came down to the landing one morning afore breakfast and hove alongside of where I was setting in the stern of my sloop, the Dora Bassett, untangling fish lines. She had a tin pail in her fist, indicating that her sailing orders was to go after milk. But she saw me and run down in ballast to swap yarns.

"My sakes! Mr. Pratt," says she; "have you heard about Nate Scudder?"

"Yes," I says. "Ever since I come to Wellmouth."

"I mean about what him and his wife has just done," says she. "It's the queerest thing! You'll never guess it in the world."

"Ain't been giving his money to the poor, has he?" says I, for, generally speaking, it takes a strong man and a cold chisel to separate Nate Scudder from a cent.

"Oh! ain't you the funniest thing!" she squeals. "No indeed! He's let his house to some city folks, and—"

"Ain't that the cook calling you?" I asks. I'm a homebody when it comes to Emmie T.; I like to take her in small doses—she agrees with me better that way.

It was the cook, and Emeline kited off after the milk, only stopping long enough to yell back: "Folks say they're dreadful rich and stylish. I'll tell you next time I see you."

Well, I cal'lated she wouldn't—not if I saw her first—and didn't pay no more attention to the yarn, except to think that June was pretty early for city folks to be renting houses. There was only three or four boarders at the Old Home so far, and I was to take a couple of 'em over to Trumet in the sloop that very day.

But, while we was on the way over, one of the couple—sort of a high-toned edition of Emmie T. she was—she turns to her messmate, another pullet from the same coop, and says she: "Oh! say!" she says. "Have you heard about the two young fellers from New York who've rented that Scudder house on the—what do they call it? Oh, yes, the Neck road. I heard Nettie Brown say they were too dear for anything. Let's drive past there to-morrow; shall we?"

So there it was again, and I begun to wonder what sort of critters Nate had hooked. I judged that they must be a kind of goldfish or he wouldn't have bated for 'em. Nate ain't the man to be satisfied with a mess of sculpins.

I landed the boarders at Trumet, and they went up to the village to do some shopping. Then I headed across the harbor to shake hands with the Trumet light keeper, who is a friend of mine. His wife told me he'd gone over to town, too, so I come about and back to the landing again. And I'm blessed if there wa'n't Nate Scudder, himself, setting on a mackerel keg at the end of the wharf and looking worried.

I hadn't hosted the jib on the way down and now I got the mackerel dog and went forward.

"Hello, Nate!" I hailed, as the Dora Bassett slid up to the wharf.

He kind of jumped, and looked at me as if he'd just woke up.

"Hello, Sol!" he says, sort of mournful. Then he turned his eyes toward

York that I sell cranberries to. He said a couple of friends of his wanted to come to a place in the country where 'twas quiet. Did I know of such a place round here? Well, course I wrote back that 'twas nice and quiet right at our house. There wa'n't no lie in that, was there, Sol?

"No," I says. "I should say 'twouldn't be shoving the truth too close if you'd said there was more quietness than anything else down on the Neck road."

"Well," he goes on, not noticing the sarcasm, "I wrote and never got a word back. Me and Huldry had given up hearing. And then, yesterday morning, they come—both of 'em. Nice lookin' young fellers as ever you see, they are; dressed just like the chaps in the clothes advertisements in the back of the magazines. The biggest one—they're both half as tall as that mast, seems so—he took up his hat and says, kind of lazy and grand, like a steamboat captain:

"'Mr. Scudder?' he says.

"'That's my name,' says I. I was kind of suspicious; there's been so many sewing-machine agents and such round town this spring. And yet I'd ought to have known he wa'n't no sewing-machine agent.

"'Ah!' he says. 'You've been expecting us, then. Has the luggage come?'

"'What in time did I know about his 'luggage,' as he called it?'

"'No,' says I. 'Tain't.'

"'Oh, well, never mind,' he says, just as if a ton or two of baggage didn't count anyway. 'Can you give us two sleeping rooms, two baths, a setting room, and a room for my man?'

"'Two baths?' says I. 'Can't you take a bath by yourself? You seem to be having lots of funny jokes with me. Would you mind saying what your name is and what you want?'

"'He looked me over sort of odd. 'Beg pardon,' he said. 'I thought you were expecting us. Here's my card.'

"'I looked at it, and there was the name 'Edward Van Brunt,' printed on it. Then I begun to get my bearings, as you might say.

"'Oh!' I says. 'I see.'

"'So glad, I'm sure,' he says. 'Now can you give us the sleeping rooms, the baths, and the room for my man?'

"'Humph!' says I, lookin' back at the house behind me; 'if me and Huldry bunked in the henhouse and the chore boy in the cellar, maybe we could accommodate you, that is, all but the baths. You'd have to take turns with the washtub for them,' I says.

"'He laughed. He was so everlasting cool about things that it sort of riled me up.

"'Perhaps you'd like to hire the whole shebang?' says I, sarcastic, pointing to the house.

"'He looked at it. It looked sort of cheerful, with the syringa over the door and the morning-glories hiding where the whitewash was off.

"'Good idea!' he says. 'I would.'

"'Well, that was too many for me! I went into the house and fetched out Huldry Ann—she's my wife. There ain't many women in this town can beat her when it comes to managing and business, if I do say it.

"'How long would you want the house for?' says Huldry, when I told her what was going on.

"'A month,' says Van Brunt, turning to the other city feller. 'Hey, Martin?' T'other chap nodded.

"'All right,' says Van Brunt. 'How much?'

"'Thinks I, I'll scare you, my fine feller. And so I says, 'A month? Well, I don't know. Maybe, to accommodate, I might let you have it for two hundred.' I sort of edged off then, thinking sure he'd be mad; but he wa'n't—not him. 'Two hundred it is,' he says, and fished out a little blank book and one of them pocket pens.

"'Name's Scudder?' he asks.

"'Yes,' says I. 'Nathan Scudder. One T in Nathan.'

"'And I don't know as you'll believe it, Sol,' says Nate, finishing up, 'but that feller made out a check for two hundred and passed it over to me like 'twas a postage stamp. What do you think of that?'

I didn't know what to think of it. On general principles I'd say that a man who wanted to board with Nate and Huldry Ann Scudder was crazy anyhow; but of course these fellers didn't know.

"'It beats me, Nate,' I says. 'What do you think?'

"'Blessed if I know!' says Scudder, with another of them long breaths. 'All I'm sure of is that they're up home, with the parlor blinds open and the carpet fadink, and me and Huldry's living in the barn. She's doing the cooking for 'em till this 'man' of theirs comes. Land knows what kind of a man he is, too. And that check was on a New York bank, and I've just been up to Trumet here with it and the cashier says 'twill be a week afore I know whether it's good or not. And I can't make out whether them two are thieves, or lunatics, or what. And Huldry can't neither. I never was so worried in my life.'

I kind of chuckled down inside. The idea of anybody's skinning Nate Scudder was the nearest to the biter's being bit of anything I ever come across. And just then I see my two passengers coming.

"'Well, cheer up, Nate,' I says. 'Maybe you'll get the reward whether it's lunatics or thieves. On'y you want to look out and not be took up for an accomplice.'

He fairly shrieked up when I said that, and I laughed to myself all the way out of Trumet harbor. One thing I was sure of: Them two New Yorkers must be queer birds and I wanted to see 'em.

And the very next afternoon I did see 'em. They come down the Old

Home pier together, walking as if they didn't care a whole continental whether they ever got anywhere or not. One of 'em, the smallest one—he wa'n't more'n six foot one and a half—looked sort of sick to me. He had a white face, and that kind of tired, don't-care look in his eye; and the bigger one sort of 'tended to things for him.

"'Good morning,' says the big one—the Van Brunt one, I judged—cheerful enough. 'T'other chap said, "Good morning," too.

"'Morning,' says I.

"'Can you take us out sailing?'

"'Why—or—I guess so,' I says. 'I don't know why I can't, if you feel like going. Course—'

I hadn't finished what I was going to say afore they were in the boat. Now, generally speaking, there's some bargaining to be done afore you take folks out for a three-dollar sail. You naturally expect it, you know—not so much from boarders as from towners, but still some. But not for these two—no, sir! It was this powerful suddenness of theirs that hit me betwixt wind and water, same as it had Nate. Made me feel sort of like I'd missed the train. Stirred up my suspicions again, too.

'Twas a nice day; one of them clear blue and green days that you get early in June. The water wa'n't rugged, but just choppy enough to be pretty, and the breeze was about notheast, givin' us a fair run down the bay.

"'This is grand!' says the big fellow, as the Dora Bassett began to feel her oats and lay down to her work.

"'Caesar! Van,' said the other one; 'why do you bring me down to earth like that? Grand! Bleeker next!' He hollered out this last part in a kind of screechy sing-song. Then they both laughed.

I looked at 'em. There wa'n't nothing to laugh at, so far as I could see, and the "Bleeker" business didn't appear to have no sense in it, either. They made two or three other speeches that sounded just as foolish. Thinks I: "I wonder if Scudder's right?" They didn't look like lunatics, but you can't always tell. Old man Ebenezer Doane went to church of a Sunday morning just as sensible acting as a Second Adventer could be; but when he got home he fired the bean-pot at his wife, chased his children out door with a clam hove, and they found him settin' a-straddle of the henhouse singing "Beulah Land" to the chickens. These fellers might be harmless loons that had been farmed out, as you might say, by the asylum folks. There was that "man" that Nate said was coming. He might be their keeper.

"'I understand you've got a friend coming,' says I, by way of ground bait.

"'Friend?' says the big one.

"'Friend? I don't understand.'

"'Scudder said you had another man coming to his house,' says I.

He smiled. "Oh, I see." Then he smiled again, a queer lazy kind of a smile, like as if he was amused at himself or his thoughts.

"'I don't know that I should call him a friend, Mr.—'

"'Pratt,' says I. "Solomon Pratt."

"'Thanks. No, I wouldn't go so far as to call him a friend; and yet he's not an enemy—not openly.' He smiled again, and the other chap—whose name I found out was Hartley—Martin Hartley—smiled too.

"'He's the man Van here belongs to,' explained the Hartley one. They both smiled again.

I kind of jumped, I guess, when he said that. It began to look as if the asylum idea was the right one, and this feller that was coming was the keeper.

"'Hum,' says I, and nodded my head just as if the whole business was as plain as A B C. "Do you belong to anybody?" I says to Hartley.

"'I did,' says he, "but he's doing time."

"'Doing time?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he, explaining, kind of impatient like. "Up the river, you know."

I chewed over this for a minute, and all I could think of was that the feller must be in a clock factory or a watch-maker's or something.

"'Watches?' I asks.

Hartley seemed to be too tired of life to want to answer, but his chuckle did it for him.

"'No,' says he. "I believe it was pearl studs on the showdown."

Well, this was crazy talk enough for anybody. I didn't want to stir 'em up none—I've always heard that you had to be gentle with lunatics—so I went on, encouraging 'em like.

"'Studs, hey?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he. "He was a British beast, and Martin was all balled up in the street at the time—away from his apartments a good deal—and the B. R. annexed everything in sight."

"'Go long!' says I, for the sake of saying something.

"'Beg pardon,' says he.

"'Nothing,' says I; and we stopped talking.

They seemed to enjoy the sail first rate, and acted as rational as could be, generally speaking. They didn't know a topping lift from a center-board, so far as boat went, but that wa'n't strange; I'd seen plenty of boarders like that. But never afore had I seen two that acted or talked like them.

We got back to the wharf along about dusk, and I walked with 'em a piece on their way to Nate's. I was keeping a sort of old back hall just outside the village and so it wa'n't much out of my way. They had me guessing and I wanted more time to work on the riddle.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# WISCONSIN STATE NEWS

Frederic.—Fire startling in the Frederic hotel Monday threatened to wipe out the town. When brought under control the fire had destroyed about \$75,000 worth of property. Among the buildings destroyed were: Payne's hotel and saloon, the Frederic hotel, Luke's restaurant, Diamond Bros.' barber shop, Lunon & Taylor's market, Coddon's clothing store, Hedberg's grocery, Carlson's hardware store and Hubbard's saloon. A part of the loss is covered by insurance.

Burke.—A little child, Frederick Niebuhr, burned beyond recognition, three other members of the family seriously burned and injured, the hired man badly injured and the farm home reduced to ashes tells the story of the explosion of a gas plant at the home of Frederick Niebuhr, in Burke.

Fond du Lac.—The trial of Grant Poole, accused of the murder of Mrs. E. H. Orris of Oakfield, has by agreement between the state's attorney and the attorney representing the defendant been placed at the foot of the jury calendar and will be the last jury trial to be heard at the present term of court.

La Crosse.—Orders of the mayor closing two saloons where the proprietors were charged with conducting disorderly places have been ignored, and have been rescinded by Mayor Anderson upon its appearing that he has no authority to close a saloon without orders from the council.

Appleton.—Five minutes after Anton Becher, aged 75 years, expressed a wish Providence answered it.

"'Id about as leave die as go to the county poorhouse to spend the remainder of my days," said Becher at the police station. Becher died of heart failure.

Monroe.—Clarence Faubel and Miss Helen Howe eloped from home and were married at Freeport, Ill., they taking but one friend into their confidence. After the ceremony they wrote letters home saying they expected a scolding, but were happy.

Watertown.—Farmers in this section report that a woman answering the description of Mrs. Belle Guinness, wanted at Laporte, Ind., for many crimes, has been traveling through the country with a horse and buggy selling pills.

Wausau.—The charge against Stiney Koc, arrested election night charged with assault and battery, has been changed to that of assault with intent to murder, and he has been remanded to the county jail without bail.

Racine.—An inquest at Corliss in the case of Robert Bender, the Ashland brakeman, killed in the freight wreck at Willows, resulted in a verdict that the company was negligent in that the block signal light was not burning.

Neillsville.—Post office Inspector E. E. Frazer, La Crosse, arrested Charles Schroeder, a farmer, charged with opening a letter addressed to Carl Schroeder, another farmer. The letter contained a check for \$12.86.

Sheboygan.—A touring car owned and driven by John Cuddy, a well-known cheese dealer, burst into a mass of flames at Lake View. Mr. Cuddy managed to escape without injury, but the auto was totally destroyed.

Manitowoc.—Charles Schuetz, proprietor of a wood-working establishment, was overcome by gas while working at a planer. Just as he was about to topple to death in a whirling belt he was saved by an employe.

Madison.—John Dworka, a farmer living near Wauzeka, has sent the brain and spinal cord of a colt to the Wisconsin live stock sanitary board with the request that it find out whether the animal had hydrophobia.

La Crosse.—The damage case against Harry L. Colman, a local millionaire, is on trial. In September, 1907, Mrs. Naomi Crocker was struck by Mr. Colman's auto, and she is now seeking \$5,000 damages.

Iola.—Thomas Hess, the nine-year-old son of Charles Hess, was shot through the heart by his 12-year-old brother, Milton Hess, who had been shooting at targets.

Rib Lake.—The United States Leather Company has resumed operations in the large sole leather tannery here, after it had been closed down for over a year.

Oconomowoc.—Dr. A. W. Alexander of the Wisconsin university at Madison, gave an address at the Fabst stock farm on "Horse Breeding."

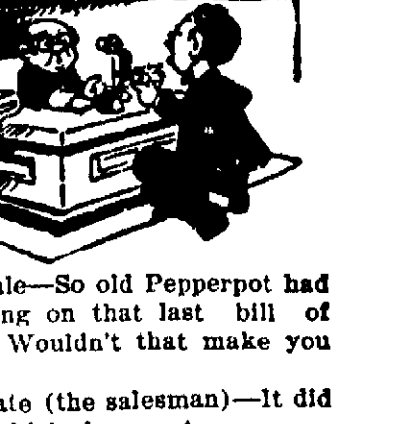
Viroqua.—Eland Olson, who killed his wife and attempted suicide, was near death. An inquest resulted in a verdict of murder when insane.

Madison.—The annual convention of the State Horticultural society will be held in Madison January 12, 13 and 14.

La Crosse.—Arrested at the doors of the penitentiary, from which he had just been released after serving a year's sentence, Harry Brown was brought here to be tried on a larceny charge.

Phillips.—Louis Boyle, aged 50, of Prentice, was killed by a freight train while walking on the track on his way to a lumber camp a few miles south of Phillips.

Madison.—John A. Aylward, Joseph E. Davies and M. R. Olbrich have associated themselves in a law firm to be known as Aylward, Davies & Olbrich.



## SEVERE HEMORRHOIDS

Sores, and Itching Eczema—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary —Cuticura's Efficacy Proven.

"I am now 80 years old, and three years ago I was taken with an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. I tried several remedies for months but did not get much help. During this time sores appeared which changed to a terrible itching eczema. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, injecting a quantity of Cuticura Ointment with a Cuticura Suppository Syringe. It took a month of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and, after that, once or twice a week. The treatments I tried took a lot of money, and it is fortunate that I used Cuticura. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

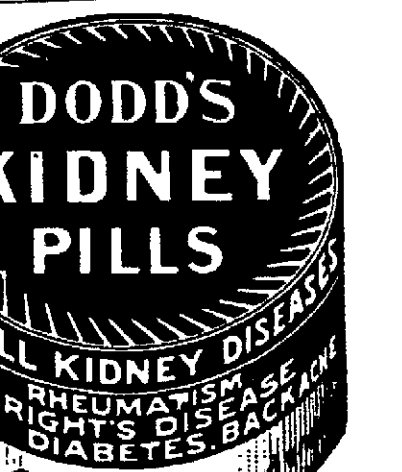
Snake in a Beer-Barrel.

A party of foreigners tapped a keg of beer at Lake Altoona, Pa., but could not get the fluid through the spigot. Investigation disclosed the fact that the bung-hole was stopped up by a snake. The reptile must have crawled into the keg while it was lying empty on the ground, and was drowned when the keg was filled.

Important to Mothers.

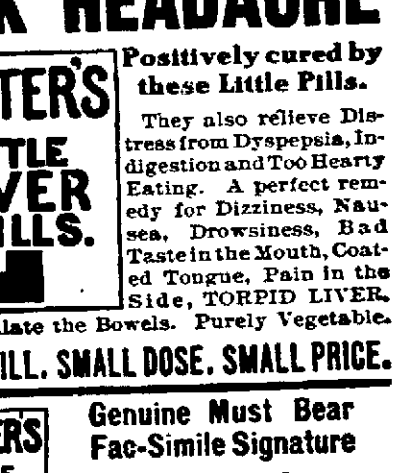
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hoag* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The deepest thoughts are always tranquillizing, the greatest minds are always full of calm, and richest lives have always at heart an unshaken repose.—Hamilton Wright Mable.



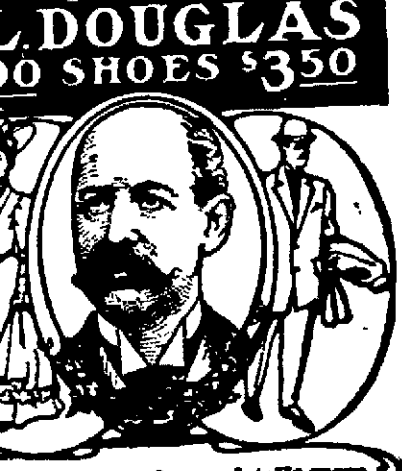
## DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
RHEUMATISM  
BRIGHT'S DISEASE  
DIABETES  
"Guaranteed" 375



## CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, and all Biliousness. Coated with Sugar. In the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

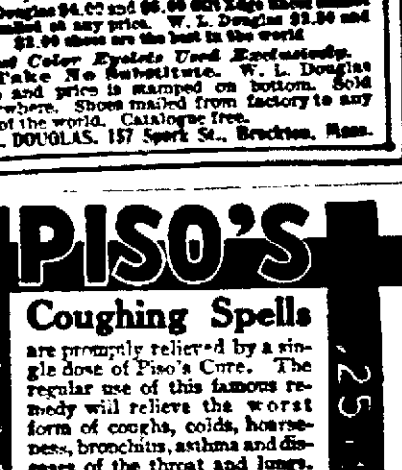


## W.L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOES \$3.50

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. Because they hold their shape, fit better, and wear longer than any other make.

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